Two

LETTERS,

One from *John Audland* a QUAKER;

TO

William Prynne.

THE OTHER,

William Prynnes

ANSWER,

By the AUTHOR *of*

HUDIBRAS.

LONDON,

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ANSWER

IOHN AUDLAND'S LETTER TO William Prynne.

William Prynne,

THou perpetual Scribe, Phariſe, and Hypocrite, born to the deſtruction of *Paper*, and moſt unchriſtian effuſion of *Ink*, thou Ægyptian Task-maſter, of the Preſs, and unmerciful deſtroyer of Gooſequils, that doſt plunder and ſtrip thy poor kindred naked to the skin, to maintain thy ſelf in a Tyrannycal and Arbitrary way of Scribling againſt thy Brethren, even the *Independants* and *Quakers*, over whom thou ſetteſt up thy ſelf as an unrighteous Iudge, for a Righteous Iudge hath an *Ear* for both *Parties*, and thou haſt *none* for *either*. Verily *William* thou doſt evil and againſt the light within thee, to accuſe thy Brethren of that, whereof thou art more guilty thy ſelf; for though they break an Act of Parliament, yet thou didſt worſe, when thou wouldſt have made one thy ſelf, after thou hadſt engaged thy Faith unto the Houſe, that thou wouldſt never lift up thy Heel againſt them more: Truly thou ſheweſt thy ſelf in this no better then a *Jew*, in throwing the firſt ſtone at them, unleſs thou wert innocent thy Self, and all thy Fundamental, Municipal, Common, Natural Law, will not ſerve to prove thee other, who haſt been

judged by the Laws of the Land, as a Phariſe, to weare a *Phylactery* in publick, and haſt had thine Ears bored through according to the *Moſaical* Law: And I fear thy pretended Converſion to Chriſtianity, is but in order to ſomething elſe, even as the *Mahometans* (they ſay will not admit a Iew to turn Turk, unleſs he firſt become a Chriſtian. And that is the reaſon why thou art ſo cruel (like a Renegado) to thoſe of thine own Sect, yea even unto thoſe in whoſe quarrel thou haſt loſt Leather, for as one of thy Ears was cut off for *Presbytery*, even ſo was the other for *Independancy*. But now I ſpeak of thine *Eares*, give me leave to aſk thee one queſtion I have heard that thoſe who have loſt their Legs, do ſomtimes nevertheleſs feel pains in their Toes; and I would fain know whether toward change of weather thou doſt not feel a kind of itching and tingling in thoſe defunct *Parings* of thine, eſpecially when *Presbytery* and Gover-nement are like to peep out again. For what elſe does thy rayling againſt the Biſhops (as well as us) hold forth? but that thou art the very ſame *Will. Prynne* Utter Barriſter, that didſt heretofore publiſh againſt them ſo many ridiculous Hatecaſes, and Bandboxes, in which thy works are alwaies bound up, and are to be ſold on the Southſide of *Pauls*-Church-yard, where thy Stationers live. Among thoſe I have ſeen thy Title pages paſted like Mountebanks Bills, in which thou doſt alwayes write *Reformation*, *Law*, *Religion*, and *Fundamental* in *Capital Letters*, even as thoſe *Quacks* doe *Pox* and *Running* of the *Reins*, and both to the ſame purpoſe, namely to deceive the Reader, and vapour of more then thou art able to perform. But oh the verboſity of thy writings! *Solomon* ſaith in many words there is folly, and thou haſt prov'd it true: For thou writeſt perpetually in the Language of a *Conveyance*, and doſt not indite but draw; and when thou ſhalt anſwer for every idle word, all the Bills and Anſwers in *Chancery* will riſe up in judgement againſt thee. For thou uſeſt ſo many impertinent Tautologies, that thy Reader can never underſtand what thou meaneſt,

unleſs

unleſs he ſhould take the paines to draw Breviates of thy ſenceleſs repetitions which is unſufferable and not to be endured by a Free-born *Engliſh* man And this ſerves thee to the ſame purpoſe, that *Hems*, & *Habs* do thy guifted Ghoſtly Fathers, that is to loſe time, and put off thy Commodity, namely Waſt-Paper, whereof thou endeavoureſt to obtain the *Monopoly*, and thereby vndo hundreds of Families that live by writing lewd and profane Playes, for when thou haſt ingroſt the whole Commodity of Waſt-paper into thine own hands, their works will be left upon theirs; and in this thou takeſt a more wiſe and rationall Courſe, then thou didſt heretofore in writting Indentures againſt them. For thou knoweſt not how to write in any other ſtrain, and therefore to let thee ſee how eaſy it is to attain unto thy gifts, I will now ſpeake unto thee a few words in thine own way. Doſt thou not remember *William Prynne*, when the long Parliament according to the antient known fundamentall, eſtabliſhed Cuſtome, Practice, Uſage, Example, of all Rebels, Traytors, Cades, Tylers, Straws, ſet open the Priſons, Goales, Dungeons, Cages, and tooke the Priſoners, Felons, Malefactors, Jayl-birds into their Protection, Patronage, Safeguard, Tuition, and among others, thy ſelf *William Prynne* aforeſaid, with thy Brethren Companions, Copemates, Aſſociates, *Burton*, *Baſtwick*, *Lilborn*, *Poe*, &c. How the Sts. Brethren, godly, well-affected, rod out to meet thee, with the Siſters, Helpers, Damſels, Hand-maids, behind them, on the tayl of the Beaſt, ſtruck with Antechriſtian Superſtitions, Idolatrous, *Roſemary* and *Bays* to celebrate, welcome and congratulate thy Remitter, how they dawb'd, daſhed, defiled and polluted thee the ſaid *William Prynne* with Durt, puddle, greetings, Salutation, that thou didſt look more like unto a Pimp, Pander, Bawd newly carted than an Utter-Barriſter Triumphant, and with how durty and filthy a grace, faſhion and demeanure, thou diſt bow, ſtoop, and lowt to thine Idolaters, the Rabble rout, crowd on both ſides of the ſtreet, or ſtreets, who made an Idol of the *Rings* of thine *Ears*, even as the *Jews* did of their *Ear-rings*. This verely *William* is thy perfect Stile, and right manner of ex-

preſſion, in which thou art the freer of thy windy Stuff, becauſe thou comeſt eaſily by it, for thou doeſt but turn over thy Concordances, and the Indexes of thy Books, and whereſoever thou findeſt any thing of *Quake Tremble* and *Shake* from the motion of the Heavens to the wagging of a Dogs tayl, thou applyeſt it right or wrong unto *Us*, and that it may ſeem to be to ſome purpoſe, thou doſt always print it in *CAPITAL LETTERS*, becauſe ſuch were heretofore, to very good Purpoſe imprinted on thy cheeks by the Miniſtration of that Son of *Belial* the *Executioner*. But I cannot underſtand how thou or thy Rabbine of Sts. could anſwer the Churches for commiting the abominable Sin of *Boys* and *Roſemaryneſs* which they had before, and have ſince ſo often condemned, for if it be Idolatrous and Superſtitious (as they have determined) to ſticke thoſe Creatures in the windores of Steeple-houſes, much more muſt it be on their own Veſſels. All that they have (in mine opinion) to ſay for themſelves, is that they ſerv'd thee up (like a *Weſtphalia Ham*) with *Bays*, as thou art a Pagan Poet, according to the profane Cuſtome of thy fore Fathers the Heathen, though he that has the patience to read thy vile untunable Dittys, will rather take thee for an *Iriſh* Ratcatcher that is ſaid to Rhim Vermen to Death, then the *Engliſh Prudentius* or *Robert Wiſdom* Junior, as ſome of thine own Tribe ſtile thee, according to the Fleſh: for thou doſt abuſe Scripture moſt unconſcionably againſt it's own expreſs command, in caſting holy things into Doggerel, which is worſe and more abominable then unto Dogs, and this thou performeſt ſo dully that ſome of the *Vertuoſo's* have been puz'ed to find out the reaſon of it, till they were informed that when thou writeſt, thou doſt uſe always to ſet a Deaths head on thy *Desk* before thee as one *Campanella* a Popiſh Frier, is ſaid to have done the Pictures of thoſe to whom he intended to addreſs his writings, and found it moſt certain upon ſeveral experiments, that the perſon to the Reſemblance of whoſe Countenance he could neareſt force and ſcrew, his own was always moſt pleas'd with his writings; And this they are confident is the natural reaſon why thy compoſitions are ſo flat and dul, that they

they will hardly hold till the Ink is dry, and when they are printed, not one of an hundred will endure the ſtiching, but turn to ſuch homly uſes as they are moſt fit and proper for. Truly *William*, if I were your friend I ſhould adviſe you to leave this freak of the Deaths head, leſt the young Gentleman of the Houſe, ſurpriſe you again, as you know they once did at midnight, and make you drink healths-Sickneſs in it again on your bare Marrow-bones. But I wonder in what part of the world thy Readers live, if there are any ſuch Creatures in nature; verily they ought to have their ſhoulders grow about their heads, like *John Mandevile*'s People in *Afrique*, for there is more of labour and drudgery, than underſtanding required, and they ought to have a large meaſure of *Patience*, *Long-ſuffring* and *Ignorance*, that can endure to read one Page of thine: For as in the *North*, the more durty and foul the High-waves are, the larger meaſure they allow to their Miles; even ſo doſt thou to thy tedious dull Impertinencyes, in ſo much that ſome are of opinion that thy Readers ought to be Dieted (like Running-Nags, before they can be in breath to read thy long-winded Periods, which none but ſuch as thy ſelf will ſubmit to, for if few words do beſt with the Wiſe none of thoſe will ever endure to have any thing to do with thee. And yet I have heard that thou doſt not a little glory that thy works have paſt through all ſorts of times, (but only thoſe wherein they were refuted by the hand of this old *Antagoniſt* the Hangman) without diſpute or queſtion. It is very true indeed, they are utterly incapable of confutation, as ſome places are rendered impregnable by their barren Rockey Scituations, or by being fortifi'd with Mudwals and Ditches, He that ſhould venture to Encounter thee at thy own Weapon, might be ſaid to Revive the old way of fighting with Sandbags, the true Types of thy dry diſjoynted Stuff, and beſide muſt of neceſſity cite ſo many ſeveral ſorts of Wares, from *Plums* and *Sugar*, to *Mundungus* and *Rats bane*, with which thy works are always bound up, that his writings will be charged with Quotations

as full and dul as thine own ; But ſince ſo many *Chand-lers* and *Habberdaſhers* of ſmal wares, have undertaken to confute thee, and proceeded ſo far therein already, it were an act of great imprudence to take the taske out of their hands who are beſt able to go through with it. And therefore I ſhall leave it to them to determine, whether thou haſt ſubſtantially and ſolidly prov'd the *Quakers* to be Ieſuitical *Romiſh* Capouchin Frogs, with maskes on their faces put on by the *Jeſuits* and puld off by thee, as thou doſt confidently undertake to perform in thy Title Page. Truly *William* I do confeſs thoſe *Jeſuits* are dangerous fellows, thou hadſt beſt looke about thee and have a care, for it is verily believ'd by many knowing Perſons, that they have always ſet thee on work no leſs then the *Independants* : and have receiv'd a better return from thy *Horſe-like* drudgery, though thou haſt no more wit to perceive then a Foole has to know by what hand it is ſet on work. And if they bewitched the *Quakers* (as thou doſt confidently affirm) it is moſt certain they have drawn thee into that feat too. For if it be true as ſome carnal Learned men aver, that Witches fetch the materials of their Medicines, from Gibbets and Pilleries the Parings of thine ears have been among their Ingredients, and thou are guilty thereof.

But I fear I begin to be like thee, that is tedious to no purpoſe, for I do not expect that any thing can do good upon thee, who haſt been ſo often incorrigible to the Laws, for as the ſtrenght of two men in their wits is not ſufficient to hold down and quiet one Madman, even ſo art thou proof againſt all reaſon and light, and therefore I will caſt away no more upon thee, but leaving thee to thine own Darkneſs, with the old ſaying, bid thee twice Goodnight.

John Audland.

THE ANSWER OF William Prynne,

John Audland,

THou Quaking Quack, Jeſuitical Romiſh Franciſcan Frog, See my *Quaker unmasked*, pag. 1. 13. Thou that art the Devils dice-box which he SHAKES, Rattles, wags, to gull, cheat, delude, and ſeduce the intoxicated giddy-headed, *Engliſh Nation.* Thou that art ſick of thy Church, and haſt catch'd thy Religion like a Palſey, Epilepſy, Ague, and art taken with Tertian, Quartan, Quotidian cold fits, at thy Superſtious, Idolatrous Jeſuitical Meetings, Aſſemblies, Conventicles. See my *Healths Sickneſs*, p. 150. The *Northern blaſt*, pa. 90. *The Pope croſſing the Cudgels*, p. 297. Whereas thou ſaiſt I have no Eares, &c. therein thou ſheweſt that thou haſt no Light, Reaſon, underſtanding, For as a houſe is judged to be a houſe in Law as long as any part thereof is ſtanding, and a light piece of Gold is good and lawful Engliſh Coyn, currant with allowance, although it be clip'd, filed, waſhed or worn; even ſo are my *Eares*, legal, warrantable, and ſufficient *Eares*, and good in Law, however they have been clip'd, pared, crop'd circumciſed, and I have a better Title to the Remainders then thou haſt to thine, for they have been twice adjudged to me by the Laws of the Land, which thine never were. For thoſe parcels, ſcraps, ſhreds, that I was deprived of, did but confirm my Right to thoſe that are (ſee my own Abridgement at large, *pag.* 29. *Liſle upon Gerrard*, *pa.* 26. *The Legality of Treaſon*, in two parts, *S. G.* upon both, *pag.* 666.) left, for *exceptio firmat legem in caſibus non exceptis.*

This ſhews that the light within thee, of which thou doſt vapour, brag, vaunt, and extol thy ſelf ſo much, is but a kind of dusky Owl-

light, a trembling, twinckling, ſtincking ſtuff, which thou carrieſt in thy Paunch, Guts, Bowel, as an Ox, Bull or Cow doth Tallow to make Candles of, or the Cattle of *Lincolnſhire* do the Fewel of the Countrey, and thou knoweſt who it was that looked over *Lincoln*, and cryed, *All's mine*, as he will in time do over ye *Quakers*, Frogs, Vipers, See my *Hidden works of darkneſs*, p. 400. *A Looking glaſs for a blind guide*, p. 79. *Fryers a Fry of Frogs*, *p.* 220. *&c.*

Whereas thou ſayſt, urgeſt, and objecteſt, that I would have made an *Act of Parliament*, therein thou art miſtaken, deceived and deluded, for I would rather have marred, ſpoyled and perverted one according to the ſenſe, judgement and opinion of the Houſe (and *ejus eſt interpretari cujus eſt condere*, ſee *Bracton*) by putting in, adding and inſerting ſome thing or things of my own invention, wit, contrivance, that had not paſſed their Votes, and puting out, cracing, and expunging other things, which had, which cannot be ſaid, held, or judged to be a breach of Law, becauſe it was before it was made one, and if it had been ſo, yet it would have proved no great crime, fault, offence, for exchange (thou knoweſt) is no robbery. See *The foot out of the ſnare*, *pag.* 53. *Prynnes Principles*, p. 200. which is more then you can ſay, produce, or alledge for your ſelves, who are a generation, Spawn, Litter of Vipers, Frogs, Serpents, ſo obſtinate, peremptory, incorrigible, that you break the Act of Parliament, at the ſame time that it is put in Execution againſt you, like unto a Cut purſe that picks a Pocket when he is going to be hang'd, for you croud, thruſt and intrude your ſelves into Priſons by ſhoales, that you may in defyance of Law, Government, Authority, meet more then five together, although it be in the Goale. See my *Sword of Chriſtian Magiſtracy ſuppreſſed*, p. 550. *The Sectary diſſected*, p. 82.

Whereas thou ſaiſt I write in the ſtile, form, language of a *Conveyance*, therein I do according to my Profeſſion, Calling, Vocation, and if thou hadſt done ſo too, thou hadſt been but a Mechanick ſtill, and hadſt not ordain'd thy ſelf a Hedge-Sir *John* of an Orderleſs Order and unruly rule, the Original, Riſe, or beginning, whereof is as uncertain as the Head or Heads of *Nile*, or the hatching of Woodcocks, for no body can tell from whence it came, (See, *Truth Triumphing*, pag. 79. *The Jeſuite a Jebuſite*, p. 904.) a Church, or rather Chappel indeed, that is built upon a *Quaking Bog* (mark that) or flat quick ſand, without ſuperior or inferior in it, like the Knights of King *Arthurs* (See the *Seaven Champions of Chriſtendome*) Round Table, or the Serpent *Amphisbæna* (of which, ſee *Pliny* (that has a head at both ends.

Mahomet the falſe Prophet of the Turks, was the firſt Prophet, Patriarch, Founder of the *Quakers*. For he had trembling trances, and frantick fits of the *Falling ſickneſs*, in which he had Revelations, dreams, Viſions whiſper'd into his ear by a Dove Pidgeon or Widgeon, that he had inſtructed and taught, uſed to pick ſeeds out of his ear or ears; which ſeeds, are the ſeeds of your Church as well as his, for they produce the very ſame fruits, effects, workings in both, and both equally hope to be ſaved by him. And hence it is, that all your wiſhes, longings, deſires are in the Turks overrunning of Chriſtendome

ſtendome; for as both they and you account Fooles, Ideots, Madmen, Saints; you do not doubt but to paſs eaſily for ſuch with them, for your great abilities in thoſe gifts. And therefore as your Brethren the aforeſaid Turkiſh *Mahometan Fanaticks*, devote, deſtine, damne, themſelves to deſtruction, meerly to tire, weary, make work for, and put a ſtop to the Chriſtians in their Wars: and fill up Ditches, grafts, trenches with their bodies, carcaſes, outward men for their fellow Muſſel men to march over; even ſo ye alſo think to weary out the Officers of Juſtice, with your numberleſs numbers, and render your ſelves as hard to be caſt out as Legion the Devil incorporate did, of whom ye are a Type. See *The Stationers Beacon fired*, p. 1000. *The Sectary in Sippets*, pa. 202.

By all which, it appears that ye have a Turk as well as a Pope in your bellies, and that ye delight in Perſecution, in affliction, Tribulation, as ſome old extravagent fantaſtick fornicators, find a pleaſure in being whip'd, and out of theſe ſores ingender one another, by æquivocal generation, as Flyes blows Maggots, which afterwards become Flys and blow others. See my *Romes Maſterpiece*, p. 808. *Settle brain for a Sectary*, p. 9. *A ſiringe for a ſore ſinner*, p. 78.

That you are Jeſuitical, Romiſh Franciſcan Frogs, Witches, Sorcerers, appears in that ye meet to quake, tremble, quiver, and converſe with your Spirits, Imps, Familiars; and that ye came from *Rome* out of the North, from whence evil and deſtruction cometh, as I have proved, cleared, demonſtrated, and evinced in my *Quaker unmask'd*, p. 84. *Lights Darkneſs*, p. 26. For as the Needle in the Marriners Compaſs *Trembles* (mark that) and points to the *North*, even ſo do ye, ye trembling Quivering, Shivering *Quakers*. And as Witches are moſt frequent in the *North*, and the colder a Climate is, the apter are the Inhabitants thereof (ſee *my firſt anſwer to thy ſelf*) to quake, &c. It follows that *Quakers* and Witches are of the growth of the ſame place, and both of the ſame Nature, quality, and condition; For as Witches ſwim upon the water like light ſcum, even ſo are *Quakers*, the ſcum of the earth, that ſhake themſelves like water-dogs when they come out of a Pond (ſee my *Popiſh Royal Favorite*, p. 800. *Sweet ſips of Soul-ſavingneſs*, p. 53. Laſtly, as witches liquor their ſtaves, and fly through the Air; even ſo do *Quakers* liquor their throats with inchanted Potions, and gape to ſuck in the air that it may fly through them, & blow the light within them; (ſee *Emmot and Gilpin*, pa. 7. *Aldermanbury bottle opened*, p. 20.) at their Exorciſms rather then Exerciſes of Devotion. Whereas thou ſaiſt I was branded, burnt or Stigmatiz'd in the Cheeks, tis true, I was ſo, nor am I at all aſham'd of, ſorry for, or abaſhed thereat, but rather ſet a greater value on my ſelf therefore, as I believe I have very good reaſon, cauſe, conſideration to do, for I was only us'd like a ſealed meaſure, burnt, branded for being true. See my *Verſes* written on this occaſion in the *Tower* of *London*, *in hæc verba*.

Of this Opinion William Prynn *was the*
Sixt day of March *ſix hundred thirty three.*

Nor was it improper, unfit, or unbecoming a man of my Profeſſion, cloath, vocation, that is, to meaſure equal Law right, Juſtice between

man and man. See *Truth Triumphing*, p. 10. *The Pricking Provender of Prelacy*, p. 907.

As for the Jeſuites, who thou ſaiſt made uſe of the ſcraps of my Ears, to bewitch the Quakers, &c. If they did ſo, it was no fault of mine, nor am I bound to anſwer for it; for when the aforeſaid parings, ſcraps, ſhred, were ſever'd from my freehold, they were no longer mine, nor am I to be accountable for the evil adminiſtration of them, when they were out of my power, charge, tuition. But if they had been in my own poſſeſſion, and the Jeſuits had ſtollen them to bewitch the *Quakers* to liſten to their enchantments: It is not juſt that I ſhould anſwer for their Ears and my own too. See *Speculum Ieſuit.* p. 95. *The frantick Franciſcan*, p. 700. *A hole pick'd in the Popes coat*, p. 30. Whereas thou ſaiſt the *Brethren*, *Godly* &c, *rode out with the ſiſters helpers &c.* I do confeſs, thank, acknowledge their loving kindneſs therein; And if they did evil in ſticking *Rofemary* and *Bayes* upon their Veſſels, bodyes, outward Folkes, as thou ſaiſt againſt the doctrine and diſcipline of the *Presbyterian* Church: It is no more then the Members, Tooles, Limbs of the Devil and thy Synagouge did to the Patriarch Patron, and Founder of their Order *James Nayler*, whom they exalted above his brethren upon an Aſs, and ran bare before both, againſt the Fundamental, known eſtabliſh'd Rule, Canon, Conſtitution of their diſorderly Order. See *The Buckle of the Canonical Girdle, turn'd behind*, p. 63. *The Quaker Quaſh'd*, p. 4.

Whereas thou ſaiſt my works are bound up in Hatcaſes, &c. If thou wouldſt but buy one of thoſe, and put thy hat therein, it would operate upon, and inſtill into thy Noddle, ſconce Logger head more ſe ſe, reaſon, underſtanding; and teach thee better manners then to keep it on before a Court of Juſtice: by which thou doſt but ſhew, declare, demonſtrate, that thou haſt a Crack, Flaw, ſoft place in thy Scull; and in that reſpect art very careful to keep it warm, leaſt thy ſickly brains (if thou haſt any) ſhould take cold. And as for thoſe Chandlers and Haberdaſhers of ſmall wares &c. which thou ſaiſt have undertaken to oppoſe, anſwer, confute me.

Verily they will find it a harder task then they are aware of, for I have already written, Printed, publiſhed, 160 odd Works, Books, Labours; and before they have done with thoſe, do not doubt to have as many more in a readineſs, and to find imployment, work, buſineſs, enough for them all; as long as Church and State can furniſh, ſtore, ſupply me with ſubject, matter. Provided I may have proceſs enough to carry on the work; and can but procure, induce, engage our *Presbyterian* brethren the *Nonconformiſts* to help, aid, and aſſiſt me, which (it being ſo much for their ow advantage, intereſt, concernment, and they having at preſent nothing elſe to do) I do not doubt to obtain.

Will. Prynne.

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